

Angstridden

Satyricon

Born into a field of flowers, to slowly wilt away
Sheltered by wings, delicately smothered by blindness
Ridden by the clawed hoofs of tyrants
Released among the wolves, thus molded by resistance
The fruit of other worlds, but grown by loneliness
Concealing a black soul, and but sensing the beyond
Uniquely grown from within
Shimmered by a darker night, but left to solitude
How can one disclose a darker night,
Or evidence the suffering,
by worldly gauge?
if one but rests?
Like a warring sun, from a better kingdom
Or comprehend the long-drawn agony
Beautiful, free, of different steel!
When pain and evil never trod one down
Dearly prized, and equally broken
He should have gone free of you!
An emotion tumour, gnaws from inside
Of heartless, spineless treason
The darkest night now weaves its loom
Soon to release its spawn

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